Beloved Parent.

Wrentham April 18th, 1826.

I avail myself of this opportunity to write to you, hoping to relieve your anxious minds in regard to me. I am grateful that I enjoy so much health as I do, but it is my lot to inform you, and, you see, I have learned that my health is imperfect, and that of my body, but particularly that of my mind. My mind, like a bow after it has been broken by the storm, has seemingly lost its former sagacity, probably by reason of the close application to study. But, I feel that I can adopt the language of the Psalms: and say, why art thou cast down O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God, for I shall yet praise thee, O my God. Such is my belief that I cannot but think that although I am absent from you, yet I am not forgotten by you as you count me, and the small number of them who are good children, since I am peculiarly situated in life. I am aware that the letter you have received may have given you some anxiety, and therefore are desirable of further information. I have received a letter from Mr. Smith of Bangor, and from the statements made him by Mr. Fish, he does not advise me to come until fall if I should wish to come at all. After receiving this letter, I went with Mr. Fish to see Dr. Parr, formerly a professor at Brown College. He asked many questions in regard to my views, designs, and circumstances, and made the following observation: that no case which had occasioned doubt had appeared more clear to him than mine, that he really thought I should silence my prejudices, and disregard the perversions of Providence, should I be satisfied with the short of a complete education, and in regard to propriety, both he and Mr. Fish observed that I need apprehense not. I have to be equinomical for the hardships experienced, the same that I shall probably have to. Their council was gratefully received and I trust sincerely. At present, I think of following it unless some unforeseen Providence shall direct other ways. My hopes of time will not be equal to waiting all that I should like too. But let me assure you that I can rejoice in the government of God, and desire to be confirmed in it, notwithstanding that too, as short sighted mortals it sometimes appears dark, remembering the words of him, who said— that, what I do, ye know not now, but ye shall know hereafter.
Often does a sense of my situation come up to my mind. I know that my journey is just begun, and that I may have much to endure and suffer before I reach the longest for home, or go down to the grave from which I shall not return. But that I do may I do cheerfully, and what I suffer may, I suffer patiently. But in regard to you dear papa, if your hope of heaven be firm and well placed—entirely indeed is your case. According to the course of nature your discharge from this busy world is near, soon will three score years and ten be left for you. Oh, how thought now in a few more short years should be in the land of living where shall I look for my Parents?—perhaps some surviving child or friend, may wait in memory of departed ones, as you by which I may be directed to the place, where I may shed falling tear over their remains, as in silence, call to mind the blissful hours we enjoyed together on earth, when around the family altar we stood and evening sang to our God and pleading for present and future happiness. But come back my thoughts! My Parents are in the weary traveler is animated with the thought that every step bringing him to the entrance of his Father's and as the sunward toward the shores of the ocean is delighted with the thought that every新的一天 is but westering him to the desired port, his country, and his home; so my Fathers & Mothers may we be assured from our slumber above see that we are coming nearer to our them, and the term of our probation is near to an end.

Bear me in remembrance to Sister Catherine, my brothers & sisters. I wish them all well, and may the best of Heaven's blessings ever attend them. May they love me—I have to hear from you, but even how goes your concern? Have the King & Queen come to E? Have you any news? How does Mr. Xdel remember me to all who care for me, particularly to Mrs. Mrs. Dr. I am yet with the Sea; shall go to Mrs. David Perkins next week. I shall write again before I come home. Before I close this letter, I would express my desire to the church in Birmingham, & pray the Spirit of God might descend upon it like the gentle rain to the Kingdom of the Redeemer's profession.

E. G. D. B. M. D. B. M.

With fond respect your Son,

Peter Parker

Monday, Mem.
June 18th
April 19th
Mr. Nathan Parker
Framingham
Mass.